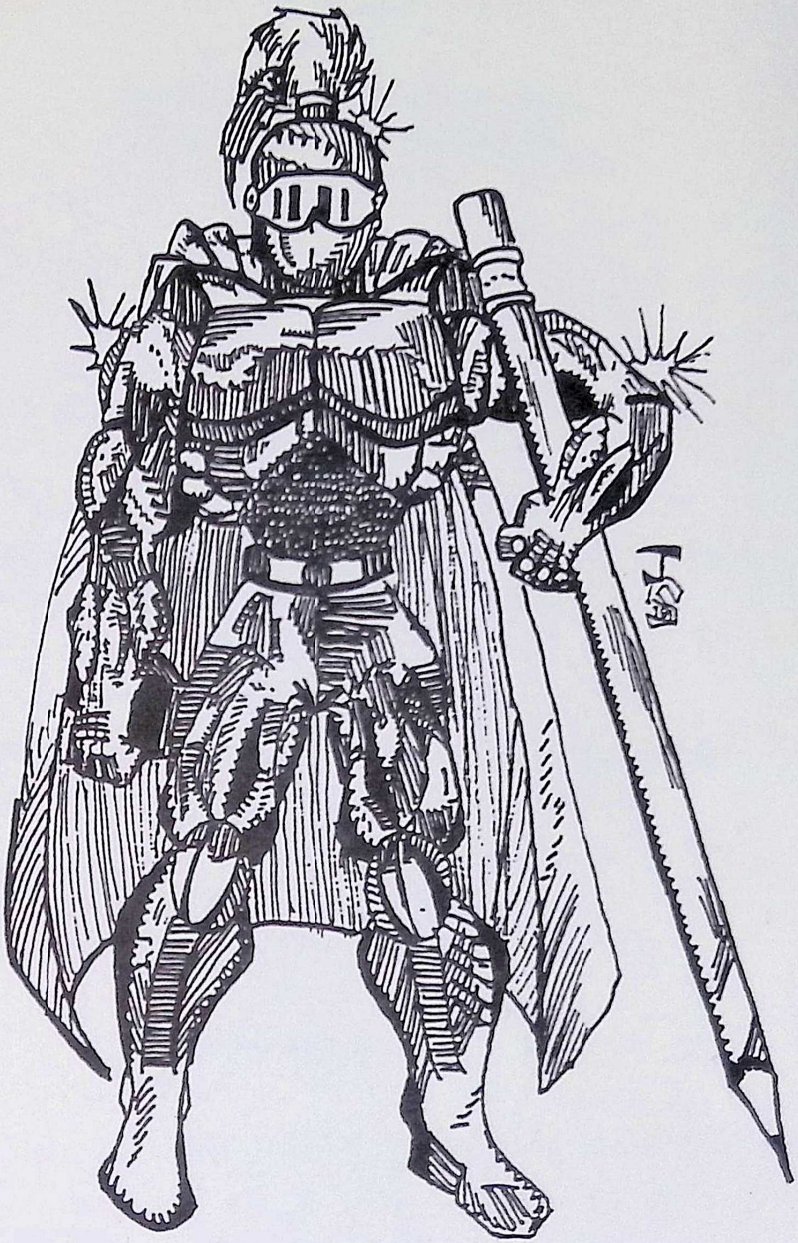
North Scott Junior High School

LITERARY MAGAZINE
1995-1996



"OUR POINT OF VIEW"

Volume 14

Our Point of View

Literary Magazine
North Scott Junior High School

Writers:

Seventh and Eighth Grade
Language Arts Students
1995-1996

To Our Readers:

The writings that you'll find within
Were designed for you to cry, cringe, or grin.
Some from an imagination came;
Others present a dream of fame.
We wrote about life and friends
And searched for where the rainbow ends.
Inspiration came from things we read
Or words someone else wrote or said.
We share our best with quiet pride.
We hope you enjoy what's found inside.

Sincerely,

The authors, typists, and editors

Cover design: Josh Sarver
Lettering: Danielle Ferris

I Want to Play

I want to play,
with the players,
on the field.

Not in my head,
by myself,
with no one else.

I want to walk the walk,
talk the talk,
and play the play.

I don't want to just walk,
talk,
and dream.
I want to play.

Sean Statser

The Boy

There once was a boy,
not an old boy, not a young boy,
Just a boy.

The boy was just sitting at a pond
Watching the bugs hop
Over the icy, cold water.

He lifted his head
Only to see the girls and boys playing.
They did not ask him to play,
nor had they ever, but
the boy liked the pond
where he could get away from it all;
all the teasing and being made fun of.

Yes, there once was a boy,
not an old boy, not a young boy,
Just me.

Tate Carter

A
rain
drop
is like
a small tear
drop of a small
child on a rainy
day when everybody's
down. A rain drop is
God's tear falling from
one of the many He cries
Why does HE cry? No one
knows. Only He knows
why He cries.

Amy Holling

Suicide

Suicide is like a flower,
Alive one moment and dead the next;
No explanation, no letter explaining why,
It died
Just like us,
People dressed in black,
Tears fall down faces.
How could we let this happen
People that love that person
Or people that wanted to,
Don't know what to think. . .

Amy Holling

Anorexia
(not an experience of mine)

Fat! Fat! I am so fat;
A diet is whatI need,
No calories,
No fat.

Lose! Lose! Just a littlemore;
They say I have a problem,
NO,
I'm in control.

Pills! Pills! They will keep methin;
Exercise will help me,
Am cold,
Am weak.

Dying! Dying! Once an anorexic,
Always an anorexic.
I'll prove those doctors
Wrong.

Beth Allen

Little Things

Never again will we be able to:
Touch their hand
Laugh at their stupid jokes
Look at their cute face
Hear their soft voice
See their smile
Listen to their laugh

Never again will they be able to try
Never again will they be able to earn an "A"
Never again will they be able to be with their family and friends

Now they're gone.
Never to return.
It's just the little things that count.

Cassie Engler

Why

The questions of the world are immeasurable.
So why don't the answers come?
Our own answers to the questions are as immeasurable as the questions.
Why can't we be sure?
The tragedies of the world are so numerous they happen everyday.
So why do they not seem to matter until they hit close to home?
There is great suffering among the people of the world.
Why can't it stop?
The Earth is dying of pollution.
Why can't we all open our eyes and see it?
Are we blind, deaf, and utterly without compassion to the problems of the world around us?

M. L. Preston

Basketball

Basketball rocks,
When you get smelly socks.
Some people can dunk,
You can't play if you're a chunk,
Some people can drain threes,
But you better eat your Wheaties.
I like to drive the lane,
And be sweet as a candy cane.
I like to pass a lot,
To score it must be caught.
Some people are dribblers,
But there can't be nail nibblers.
Some people are tall,
They like to get the ball.
Some people are short,
But they're quick on the court.
Some people can jump high,
But not like Jordan, he can touch the sky.
Some teams play defense good,
Every team really should.
Some people can score,
Basketball's not a bore.
Some people can block shots,
But you shouldn't wear polka dots.
If you're good you can play in the NBA,
But you must practice every day.

Braden Yauk

Remembrance

M. L. Preston

"Mommy! At kindergarten today Joey gave me his chocolate chip cookies. It was soft, my favorite."

"That's good, honey. I'm glad you had a good day. Why don't you run outside and play, okay?"

"All right, Mommy."

As Tommy ran outside he failed to notice his mother's eyes were red from tears and that his father was in the bedroom packing. It was October 1940, and the war in Europe raged on. Tommy's father had just been drafted, and he was going overseas tomorrow. His mother was desperately trying to figure out how to explain to her five year old son why his daddy's going away and may never come back.

"Tommy come here! Dinner's ready. Make sure to wash your hands. With soap!" yelled his mother from the kitchen window.

Tommy ran into the bathroom, ran cold water over his hands, and then dried them. He ran back into the kitchen where he spotted his father.

"Daddy! I didn't hear you come home. How come you didn't come out and say, 'Hi'? You could have played in the sandbox with me."

"I'm sorry son, but I had to talk to your mom."

"Oh, well, guess what? I had a great day in kindergarten."

"That's good, Son, but your mom and I have something we need to talk to you about. It's very important."

"Okay,Daddy."

"Honey, your dad is going to have to go away."

"Where's he going?"

"He's gong to a different country which is far away, and he'll have to stay there for a while."

"But why?" Tommy asked feeling really confused.

"Well, in this different country a bad man named Adolf Hitler is trying to hurt a lot of people that didn't do anything wrong."

"But, why Mommy?"

"Well, he thinks these people are bad because they don't go to the same kind of church as us. Daddy is going over to this other country to stop this bad man."

"Daddy, will you be okay?"

"Of course, I will. I promise."

"You'll only be gone for a few days too, right?"

"Well, it might be a little longer than that."

"But I don't want you to leave!" And with this Tommy ran to his room crying.

"All I remembered was Dad leaving and Mom crying. A long time later we got a letter in the mail. Mom told me Dad had gone to a better place and wasn't going to come back. Years later I figured out what dead meant. Only then did I truly grieve for my father. I recall nothing worse than my childhood," stated forty year old Tommy at his last hypnotic regression session in 1975.

On the Edge

As I step to the ledge of a high building
My whole life flashes before me.

I remember the first time I was stung by a bee;
I remember my cake when I turned three.
I really remember when I turned thirteen;
My heart got broken into three.
When I turned sixteen, I got a pair of keys.
I'm seventeen and I just got told I have a deadly disease.

Now I'm on the ledge
Wondering if I should jump
Over the edge.

Amy Holling

WHY?

WHY DO THEY MAKE FUN?

WHY DO THEY ACCUSE?

WHY DO THEY DISCRIMINATE?

ARE THEY MAD?

ARE THEY JEALOUS?

WHY DO THEY MAKE FUN?

WHY?

ROB RUSSMAN

School Days

Summer days are almost here
Boy, its been a hard school year

In Language class we wrote stories
During History we learned about American glory
Gym was really fun and easy
Science really kept me busy
Study Hall .... what a cinch!
In math we learned how to measure an inch.

Boo Hoo!
School is over, but you won't see a single tear ...
Yay! Summer is here!

Stacie Wisecup

MUSIC

Music, the sound of happiness
expressing love, loyalty, and the
sound of beautiful lands and oceans.
The sound of joy and feelings,
goals, and success.
The sounds of beautiful
music playing soft on a piano.

Amy Lohman

Jacob
(experimenting with a child's voice)
by
Lori Claussen

"Hi, Jake!" Mommy said, "Time to wake up now." She kind of shook me to get me up.

"Hi, Mommy."

"Well, you're sounding bright and chipper this morning," she said. "I'll go make you some breakfast."

I got out of my bed wondering if Daddy was home. I didn't think he was home because I didn't hear the TV I guess I should introduce myself. My name's Jacob, Jake for short. I'm four years old and have short blond hair. I also got blue eyes. Mommy says I will grow up to be a handsome young man, but I don't think about those kinds of things. I'm your typical boy, except I don't have a daddy.

You see a couple of months ago my mommy and daddy got into a really big fight and daddy left. He came back and told mommy that he wanted, what was it called? Oh, yeah, a divorce. A couple weeks after that we were in, I think it's called a courthouse. After that, Mommy took me back to her house. I don't even get to see Daddy any more. We don't know where he is. So every morning when I get up, I always think Daddy might be home. That's why I try to listen to see if the TV's on, to see if Daddy is home.

I got up this morning feeling lucky, but, of course, I was wrong. I looked forward to every morning, but I was beginning to lose hope. I got out of my bed and dressed. I put on a pair of black shorts and white tee-shirt. I went to eat breakfast. I had toast, eggs, yogurt, and cereal. Mommy said I was a growing boy. I went outside to play. I was so bored playing by myself. I asked Timmy if he wanted to play with me. Timmy, my next door neighbor, is four years old, too. We played in my house with GI Joe stuff and Batman and Power Rangers. We played until lunch time. Timmy had to go home for lunch, and I had to eat at my house. Mommy made me a peanut butter and jelly sandwich and some chips. After I got done eating lunch, I asked if we could go to the zoo. I hoped we could because I haven't been to the zoo for a long time.

"Yes, we can go to the zoo today," Mommy said.

I was so excited that I jumped up and down yelling, "I get to go

to the zoo!" Of course, Mommy told me to settle down and be a little more quiet. I settled down.

When we got to the zoo, we walked around and looked at all the animals. Then me and mommy went to the elephant show, and I got to ride on a elephant. Me and mommy also went to the gift shop and I got a stuffed alligator and some lion stickers. It was such a fun day because me and mommy got to spend some time together and we also went to eat at McDonalds. I ordered a cheeseburger Happy Meal and Mommy ordered a salad. Mommy always complains that she's too heavy, but I think she's very pretty. Hopefully, we can go to the zoo together again.

When we got home, it was 7:30 p.m. Boy was I 'sausted. I took my bath, which Mommy helped with, and then I went to bed. Mommy came upstairs to tuck me in and she asked me if I had a fun time today. I told here I didn't have a fun time. I had a great time! Aren't mommies the best!!

Lori Claussen

Preps

There are so many
Who think they're all that,
But they're truly not.
They think of themselves as movie stars,
But they'll never make it that far,
Treating people the way they are.

Kari Stoltenberg

Winter

Rain trickling, trickling down;
Rain trickling down to the ground.

Rain pouring, pouring down;
Rain pouring down to the ground.

Rain sprinkling, sprinkling down;
Rain sprinkling down to the ground.

Rain freezing, freezing down;
Rain freezing down to the ground.

Snow blowing, blowing around;
Snow blowing down to the ground.

Snow circling, circling down;
Snow circling down to the ground.

Hail pounding, pounding down;
Hail pounding down to the ground.

Snow melting, melting down;
Snow melting down to the ground.

Winter fading, fading down;
Winter fading down to the ground.

Carrie Evins

The Great Adventures of Fred and Joe-Bob

This is the story of Fred and Joe-Bob,
And all about their really great job.
La, la, la, la, Fred and Joe-Bob.

Fred and Joe-Bob were selectors.
They got stuff from Ed, Tom, and Hector.
La, la, la, la, Fred and Joe-Bob.

One day, Fred and Joe-Bob got a big blob.
Fred got scared and Joe-Bob began to sob.
La, la, la, la, Fred and Joe-Bob.

Then the blob said, "Hey," and rose.
Fred and Joe-Bob were on their toes.
La, la, la, la, Fred and Joe-Bob.

Fred and Joe-Bob saw a gigantic cat.
"Oh," said Joe-Bob. "He's wearing a hat."
La, la, la, la, Fred and Joe-Bob.

Fred and Joe-Bob put the cat in their truck.
Fred said, "A pet. Oh, joy! What luck!"
La, la, la, la, Fred and Joe-Bob.

Fred and Joe-Bob decided to name the cat.
"Hey," said Joe-Bob. "Let's call him 'Fat'."
La, la, la, la, Fred and Joe-Bob.

That was the story of Fred and Joe-Bob,
and all about their really great blob.
La, la, la, la, Fred and Joe-Bob.

Fred and Joe-Bob were some kind of selectors.
Obviously, they were garbage collectors.
La, la, la, la, Fred and Joe-Bob.

Erin Gentz

The Hollow Case

Margo Abbott

Mr. Ben Loke was working for the Downtown Detective Agency. That night he was on the trail of a bank robbery. He was going to question a friend of John Raff, the suspect. John Raff was a tall man with very dark hair and a slender body. Lately, John had brought a large screwdriver and an electric drill.

"Ring." Ben Loke had just rung Josh's doorbell. Josh was the suspect's friend and partner. No one answered. In frustration, Ben stomped his cane on the sidewalk and received an echo. He thought nothing of it at the time.

The police had all four walls of the bank blocked, and allowed no one in. There were even men inside who were looking and listening for any indication of distress. Most of the men inside were guarding the safe, full of sparkling gold bars.

The threat had come in the mail a few days before, it read:

To the Golden Trust Bank:

I, Simon the III, will be relieving you of a heavy weight in gold on the 2nd. There is no way possibly imaginable for you to interfere with my plans.

The worst luck to you,

Simon III

When the police went inside the bank and checked the gold safe, it was half empty. How did Simon do it?

Simon (a.k.a. John), as you read, purchased a large screwdriver and a drill. He dug a tunnel with the drill and screwdriver, and the tunnel caused the echo. He went through the tunnel and "relieved" the bank of its gold, by drilling through the floor of the bank.

Fire Fighters

When I'm called to duty, God,
wherever flames may rage.
Give strength to save a life,
whatever be its age.

Help to embrace a little child,
before it is too late.
Or save an older person from
the horror of that fate.

Enable me to be alert
to hear the weakest shout,
and quickly and efficiently
put the fire out.

I want to fill my calling
to give the best in me.
To guard my neighbor well and
protect his property.

Dustin Tweed

The Adventures of the Little Grape

There was a little grape,
he was so ripe and round.
He jumped off of a table
and landed on the ground.

He walked into the library,
where he found a book,
But as he sat there reading,
he hoped not to meet a cook.

He ventured to the family room,
where everyone usually sat.
But as he looked around the room...
AAAGGGHHH! THERE WAS THE CAT!

He left just as fast as he could,
and ran into the dining room.
It was so very dark in there,
he hoped it wasn't a giant tomb.

When he got back to the kitchen,
where he had begun his trip,
He realized he'd had so much fun
that he began to skip.

He climbed back on the table,
and into his little dish,
Told all his great grape friends
about his trip without being squished.

Jaime Bosworth

The Midnight Horse

A long time ago, in a city called Middleburg there lived a family whose last name was Scherer. This family had a ranch and 30 head of horses.

At midnight on October 18, 1774, Dale Scherer went outside to check on the mares that were in foal. What he heard sounded like a mare having her foal, but what he saw showed him otherwise. What he saw scared him half to death. He saw a ghost that was called The Midnight Horse.

Before the horse turned into a ghost, he had been a stallion who had caused a lot of trouble for the town. So one day when a man got really angry at the horse, he shot him.

Now The Midnight Horse haunted the town at midnight on the date of his death.

When Dale saw him, he knew who he was, and he felt sorry for him. He slowly went over to the horse, and then led him into the barn. In the barn Dale cleaned his wound and gave him some grain, hay, and water.

From that day on The Midnight Horse was never seen again, but you could always hear his cry of joy for the man who helped him. Now it's known that all the horse wanted was a friend who would help him. That friend was Dale Scherer.

Amanda Blaesi

THE TOILET PAPER BOMBER

THE TOILET PAPER BOMBER DIED
BUZZING DOWNTOWN INDEPENDENCE
THERE WAS NO DESPAIR
FROM HIS PLANE TOILET PAPER FELL
SINGLE-ENGINE PIPER BROKE IN AIR
IT WAS FOGGY AND CLOUDS WERE
THERE
THE TOILET PAPER BOMBER IS DEAD

KYLE KROEGER

Junk Food

Chocolate, bubble gum, sweet tarts, cake, pop, and candy
are all good food to eat.
I would rather eat candy than meat.
I love to eat cake with sprinkles on top.
They are even better with Kool-Aid or pop.
Every kid's dream is to eat a gingerbread house
While a dad's dream is drinking and sleeping on the couch.
Windy days, cold days, hot days, any days are good to eat
Sweet tarts.
It's definitely better than shopping Wal-Mart.
I love to eat junk food.
Anybody can eat it even if they're in a bad mood.

Casey Mehrens

TWISTER

SHE SAW THE WHIRLING WHITE HAZE AS IT SPUN NEAR. . .
DESTROYING, DEMOLISHING, WITH NOTHING LEFT.
SHE IS HELPLESS IN THE NIGHT; COLD, FRIGHTENED.
IT APPROACHES WITH ALL ITS MIGHT AND FURY. . .
SHE PRAYS, ALL ALONE, WHEN THE TWISTER HITS.
GONE, ALL GONE, WHEN THE TWISTER HITS.

MARY DIX

FAST PITCH

I stepped into the box, my eye on the ball,
I was about to face the fastest pitcher of all.
She was big, tall, and an awful scare,
Just staring at her could make hair stand on air.
Her pitch was like lightning flying across the sky;
You wouldn't have seen it as it zoomed right by.
I had heard it sped like a rocket up in space.
She struck out every batter that came to the plate.
And here I was waiting for her to pitch.
I was so scared, I didn't move an inch.
As she threw the ball, my stomach felt like a lump;
But wait, it looks like a change-up!
I waited for the ball and when it came near,
I pounded that pitch, and all I heard were cheers!
What a thrill. I hit a ground ball.
As I ran through first, "Safe!" was the call!
And the runner from third came charging in,
From that point on, I knew we'd win.
But in the end, the other team won.
Nobody else hit that day; I was the only one.
So we ended up losing, 15 to 1.

Chelsea Bleymeyer

DA' SHOES

NIKE
CREATIVE, SNAZZY
INTERESTING, RUNNING, CUSHIONING
SPORTING SHOES, EVERYDAY SHOES
RELAXING, WALKING, FITTING
COMFORTABLE, DRESSY
EASTLANDS

SCOTT DONAUBAUER

Murder in the Air

In Israel across the sea,
Bombers kill and then they flee.
Never caring who they kill,
It all becomes a simple drill.
Because they won't live in peace,
Because they won't let their fire cease.
Many die, but they don't care.
Murder is in the air.
Officials can never point the finger,
They just let the problem linger.
Even when a child dies,
Even when a mother cries.
Murder is in the air.

Carrie Mohr

Scared Speechless

Frightened, Screaming,
Panicking, Fretting,
Terror in your eyes.
The churning of your
Stomach. The nauseating
feeling you get when just hearing
the words.
Wanting to run and
hide. Scared. Worried.
Trembling with fear.
Sweat, Clammy, Cold,
Gore, Horror. The feeling
you get when
horror
hits.

Kayla Baker

IN THE DAYS OF WORLD WAR III

THEY CAME FROM ALL AROUND
IN THE DAYS OF WORLD WAR III.
THEY CAME WITH GUNS BUT FIRED
SHAME AND PREJUDICE.
THEY KILLED PRIDE, HONOR
AND RESPECT.

I SAW THEM LINE UP A CHILD AND
BEAT OUT HIS HOPES, ,HIS DREAMS,
HIS AMBITIONS AND TEACH HIM
SHAME AND HATE.

THEY TURNED WOMEN INTO UNPURE
THINGS; MEN INTO CROOKS, THEIVES AND
ROBBERS.

THEY TOOK OUR SOULS AND THREW THEM
INTO THE FARTHEST PITS OF HELL.

THEY BOMBED US WITH UNCLEAN THINGS.

THEY MADE US PRACTICE FALSE RELIGIONS.

THEY MADE US FIGHT WARS.

THEY GAVE US TEENAGE MOTHERS.
THEY WERE NO WARRIORS.

THEY WERE US.

TATE CARTER

SMOKING

Smoking is stupid, smoking is dumb.
Why don't you just suck on your thumb?
Once you start, you just can't stop.
If you don't have it, you just might drop

You go to the store and take one pack.
What's that you feel? A weight on your back?

Pretty soon cartons, one by one
Then you notice you're paying a ton.

Why not just stop, or not start at all.
I really miss you running in the hall.

Now I stand here next to your grave
Look at all the years you gave.

Nolan Bufloth

BABIES

Babies are so cuddly and cute.
They chew, they bite,
They cry, they fight.
If they don't get their way,
You're in for it today.
But they grow older as everything does,
What happens now?

They aren't babies anymore,
they are full blood parents.
Now busy with their own baby.

Rachel Grunwald

LOVE.

All around the world walls crumble,
Hearts break.
Does death come too early
...or too late?
Our lives are our own,
to live as we please.
Yet, we never can go home,
We forget we have the key.
One that opens the rustiest lock, the coldest heart, the emptiest soul.
We never figure out the secret; the world can be healed or destroyed
by one thing alone,

LOVE.

M. L. Preston

When a Best Friend Dies

When your best friend dies,
you don't know what to do,
you just want to cry,
cry until you're blue.

I hate it when everyone
tries to calm you down,
and all you can do
is wear a frown.

You just keep thinking
about a friend you had,
but now she's gone
like some old fad.

Jim Paysen

Jimmy Vs. The Playground Bully

Stephanie Gray

Jimmy, Bobby, and Susie were playing in the sand box at the playground. They were having a wonderful time laughing and giggling the morning away. Suddenly kids started running hiding behind the playground equipment.

"What's happening?" Jimmy asked.

"Dolly's coming," Susie replied.

Now Jimmy and Bobby had never been to this playground. They didn't know that when the vultures soared at high noon that it was time to either hide or leave because Dolly ruled the playground at noon.

"What's so bad about Dolly?" Jimmy asked.

"Dolly's the meanest girl in town. She says she owns this playground. She always has some sort of candy in her mouth. She can be very dangerous with her candy. One day a little boy asked for a bite of her candy bar. He hasn't been seen playing at a playground since. Dolly's a spoiled brat that's addicted to candy. Nobody has ever tried to stand up to her. She's really mean," Susie said with fear in her voice.

"I'm not scared of her. Besides, I'm wearing my lucky cowboy hat. I'm unstoppable," Jimmy said.

"Jimmy, I don't think this is such a good idea. Jimmy, please come over here. Dolly's coming. Susie just told you how mean she is," Bobby pleaded from his hiding spot.

"I can't, Bobby. Some one has to stand up to her. It's going to be me," Jimmy called back. Jimmy stood there. Just waiting.

Then Dolly walked in, mean face and all. She was sucking on a candy cane.

"Hey, baby! Don't you know who I am? I'm the queen of the castle and the playground is my castle. Get my drift, cheesehead!" Dolly yelled.

"Lewd, Dolly. I don't want to fight you. I just don't think it's fair that you won't let the other kids play. Face it. You don't own this playground," Jimmy yelled back.

"Oh, so you want to challenge the all and mighty Dolly. I'd better warn you. You're messing with fire and are about to get burnt. So back off!" Dolly shouted while advancing on Jimmy.

"If you can't act like a mature young-adult, then fine. I'm ready for you," Jimmy said while Dolly was still advancing on him.

She had her candy cane drawn like a sword. When she tried to jab Jimmy in the stomach with it, he just knocked it away with the brush of his hand. The candy cane was thrown in the air and landed at Bobby's feet.

"Enough of this nonsense," Dolly shouted. Dolly popped a piece of gum into her mouth and began to chew. She chomped on her gum for what seemed to be a long time. Then she started to blow. She blew and blew and blew. After three puffs the bubble was as big as her head. She intended to pop the bubble on Jimmy.

"Jimmy, catch!" Bobby shouted.

Flying in the air towards Jimmy was Dolly's candy cane. Jimmy caught the candy cane with one hand. "Your blowing days are over Dolly!" Jimmy shouted, and with that he popped the bubble. The bubble got stuck all over Dolly's face. It was also in her hair and on her clothes. Big mean Dolly started bawling her eyes out.

Her mother came running. "Honestly, Dolly, I don't know why I let you eat all that candy." Dolly's mother picked her up and left the playground. The other boys and girls came out from their hiding spots to congratulate Jimmy.

The next day at the playground no one thought they had to worry about Dolly coming back. So when the vultures soared at high noon, no one thought anything of it until Dolly walked in. The teeter-totters stopped in mid-air. Balls stopped bouncing. The laughing and giggling ceased. All eyes were focused on Dolly.

Dolly's hair had been cut very short and was uneven is some parts. Dolly walked right up to Jimmy. "Can I play with you guys?" was all she said.

Everybody began playing again. Children laughed. Balls went on bouncing. Jimmy was considered a hero. At the end of the day, it was time for Jimmy and Bobby to leave. "I've got to start heading for home," Jimmy said.

"Jimmy, when will I see you again?" Susie asked.

"I don't know. Might be a while. I've got to head west toward the old homestead," Jimmy replied.

With a tip of his hat, Jimmy and Bobby left the playground walking into the horizon.

What a Dog

My dog's name is Willie,
He is very silly.

He goes to sleep in a barn,
And the barn belongs on a farm.

Willie is black and white,
And so calm he never fights.

Willie is very, very fat.
And, boy, that's a fact.

The hair on his tail is a mess.
But his tail isn't any less.

He hardly ever gets lonely,
And the toys we give him are phony.

That's all about my dog Willie.

Connor Haas

The Drive

I once knew a man named Larry,
He had a wife named Carrie.
They had two kids that were smart,
And one was excellent in art.
The youngest was named Kix;
She was only six.
The other was Cathleen;
She was already thirteen.

Carrie and Larry were very happy,
And sometimes they were kinda sappy.
They liked to take long drives in the car;
Sometimes they would stop at the bar.
One night Larry had too much to drink;
He took the keys and didn't stop to think.

Now I'm afraid I have to say,
That they are not with us today.
They never will have the chance
To see their kids to their first dance.
They will not grow old and gray,
Or see their grandkids some day.
All this because of Larry,
Who was a little too merry.
So he didn't stop to think
That he shouldn't drive and drink.

Angie Burton

Chicken

Chicken is good to eat.
It has a taste that other food just can't beat.
Barbecue is the best,
Better than all of the rest.

That juicy taste when I take a bite,
If anyone takes mine, it might start a fight.
It's best when you make it one the grill,
Although during winter, it might give you a chill.

I think white meat's better than dark,
But when it comes down to it, I don't give a nark!
So as you can see, I'm in love with chicken,
It's a lot better than getting a lickin'.

Kristen Hulsen

Chocolate

Chocolate,
That Chocolate so milky,
It tastes so good, so smooth and silky.
Hershey's is the best,
Although Nestle's is second to all the rest.

It tastes yummy,
In my tummy.
I love it so much,
It has that special touch.
Chocolate, chocolate, chocolate!
I love chocolate!

Kristen Hulsen

Valentine Gifts

Flowers, candy, teddy bears,
you get from someone who cares.

Little candy hearts taste fine,
One might say, "Be Mine".

When you have a valentine,
You might get a necklace that shines.

So on this special day
Show you care in this way.

Kristen Millam

IS IT?

Is it a horse? Is it a bear?
Is it a basket with a banana and pear?
Is it an angel? With a halo of silver and gold?
Or is it a cloud? Constantly changing to
creatures soft and loud? Young and old?
Soft as velvet and soft as silk?
Creamy white like milk?
Yes, it is a cloud.
Yes.

Mary Dix

Inside Your Heart

Don't hold it, don't hide it.
Don't keep it all locked up inside.
For someday it may return and ruin your life.
Let someone know your feelings and maybe help.
But whatever you do don't sulk.
For you have no greater sorrow that I.
Let your little problems and feelings be shared.
I don't see why you'd keep them there.

Janeen Witt

Cold or Hot

Black is the night sky.
Black is the asphalt on a school playground.
Is it cold or hot?

White is the snow during winter.
White is the desert on a summer day.
Is it cold or hot?

Beau Tooley

She Drank

I hate you, Were the last words she said.
She never imagined she d be dead.
Her mother and her dad had a fight
Now her mother won t sleep tonight.

They were arguing about her drinking.
What was she thinking?
Why throw your life away?
It ll get better everyday.

Her mother said that night
But now her mother won t sleep tonight.
Those beers she had,
Made everyone in her life sad.

Why will everyone pay?
Just because of that one day.

Her mother won t sleep tonight
knowing that she might
some day, say,
My daughter drank her life away.

Tara Schmidt

Running away to a better life, or a faster death?

Have you thought about running away, far far from home? From all your family and friends? Do you think they don't care whether you're here or you're gone? Well, they do.

Many times I have thought about running away, about what it would be like. If you think long and hard about it, you may come to the conclusion that it's quite possibly the stupidest thing you could ever do. Your life couldn't ever be bad enough to push you away from your family and friends to a cold, lonely life on the streets.

Just think how worried your family would be, how much heart ache and pain you will cause your parents. I know my parents would be way worried, and surely would have the entire police department after me.

Many runaway girls never get very far before they're abducted and killed. When out there on the streets, you are likely to be raped by some stranger. Worse than that, you may be kidnapped, and end up dead down in the Gulf of Mexico a month or so later.

I think running away is totally dumb, because you hurt yourself and many, many other people. Just think, if you runaway, you may become famous and known as, "That girl who disappeared last May, I wonder whatever happened to her." Wouldn't that be sad? Think about these points before you even consider running away.

The End

Amber Pillard

The Turning Point

Sometimes I feel as though I am always wrong;
As if everyone around me were always right.
When I try my hardest to be right,
My attempts turn into quick failures.
When will my life reach that
Turning Point
Where I can be right?
Will it ever reach that point?
All I can do now is try
With all my might and hope
One day I can reach that
Turning Point
Where I can be
Right.

Janeen Witt

Fishing at Night

I go fishin' at night
That's when the fish bite
Therefore, we get a lotta fish fight
When the sun is no longer bright
Therefore at midnight
It's an awesome sight.

Ted Bailey

Friendship

Friendship is sharing,

Friendship is caring,

Friendship is showing,

Friendship is relying,

Friendship is giving,

Friendship is all of this and a lot more. A true friend has many of these characteristics. That is what friendship is all about.

Jason Blocker

Watch Your Back!

As I sat upon my swing
in the dark not even seen
I thought and thought a lot about
why do boys and girls get shot?
Don t understand this world today
people kill to get their way.
So many seem to worry
soon everything could be blurry.
Even if you go for a walk
then you could be lying in chalk.
So you had better watch your back
or maybe someone will attack.

Stephanie Barkley

Theater Faces
by
Julie Dieckmann

First, you have to try out. You think it's going to be the most painful experience in the world. You've been preparing for weeks, singing and reciting. You have it all memorized, you think?

They call your name. Deep breath. Butterflies in your stomach. All eyes are on you, waiting to see if you do better, hoping you don't. They ask you to say a monologue, that, after having said it a few million times in your head, you hate. You quickly say your lines. It flows from your mouth, every word, as if it's all a dream. You come alive. You sing your song the best you know how. Adrenaline is pumping. They ask you once more to say your monologue, to see a different mood. You know what they mean, but how to do it? You think it through. A light pops on as if you're in a cartoon. Now you're a new person, a new mood. You're smart or sassy, bossy yet busy, jumpy and jubilant. You finish and everyone says you did a wonderful job.

Now you sit and wait. Wait to see if you made call backs.

The day arrives. You check the sheet and find your name. All day you're ecstatic and nervous. You go to call backs wondering what's to be. They call your name, yet another time, not paying attention they said it incorrectly. They give you a script, and you read the lines. You use your heart and are the character, not just words on a page. Now you wait for the final results. You see the next day. Everyone is gathered around. You push your way through. You look up and down and see your name. The hard part is now beginning.

The first day is a breeze. They say what you are expected to do. Every day thereafter you and your team go after school and on weekends to dance and act. You find your costumes and make a set. You learn the dances laughing at the people who don't have a clue. You and everyone else become so close. You're family. You didn't know each other until now. You help and support each other.

All of your months of practice have come to an end. It's time to perform for the audience. You come hours early to get into character. You laugh at the make-up and corny costumes. You gather in your family circle. You say your good lucks and transform into your character while back stage. You go out on stage and all eyes are on you, just like in tryouts.

Everything is silent except for your heart, which you swear everyone can hear. They look, waiting for your line. You speak your lines. You watch the next person, then say your part. You walk off stage with a big sigh of relief. Everyone tells you you did a great job.

Now it's over. You have your last curtain call, tears in all eyes. You know you will see everyone, but it won't be the same. You bow to your audience for your very last time. You go behind stage and everyone cheers the last standing ovation with big smiles. Everyone hugs and says goodbye. You did what you set out to accomplish, but you wish there was much more to accomplish. Everyone starts crying. We understand why, but we just can't explain. Our theater faces come off and are temporarily gone--until the next time we try out for new ones.

HOCKEY RECORD BREAKER

Chapter 1

It was the pre-game show. I was being interviewed, and I was really nervous. The dull announcers were asking me questions about how I plan to play and how I have been playing. I told them everything they wanted to know. They asked me if I thought I would ever break Wayne Gretsky's goal record. I said, "I don't know." We would have to find out. Finally the interview was over, and I went straight to the hard, cold ice at the United Center. The year was 2009. Wayne Gretsky's record is 1,046 goals. I have 989 goals.

Chapter 2

During the warm ups, I took a hit from the other team's huge, tall center and sat out for the first period. At the beginning of the second period the score was 2 to 0, the other team was in the lead. Two minutes later, the score was tied. By the end of the period, I had six goals and two assists. The score was 8 to 5. During the intermission, the same huge center from the other team came into our locker room and came up and hit me over the head with a hockey stick, then kicked me a couple times.

Chapter 3

The next huge thing I remember was waking up in an ugly powder-puff blue hospital gown and the smell of fresh chicken noodle soup. Then I heard my wife, who has shiny brown, straight hair down to her shoulders and a tan face, say, "He's awake! Oh my gosh, he's awake!" Then a tall, skinny nurse and a small, plump doctor came in and explained what happened to me and told me not to worry, I would be fine. Then a sharp, shooting pain came on. It ran through my head and the rest of my aching body as fast as I am on ice skates. I told the small, plump doctor about it, and he gave me some disgusting flavored medicine for it.

Chapter 4

My first game back was great. As I stepped onto the ice at Detroit Arena, I got a standing ovation from the loud, excited crowd. They were like that for over half of our twenty minute warm-ups. During the game, I scored eleven goals and had three assists. The locker room swarmed with reporters. They wanted to ask me the questions instead of asking the other players.

Chapter 5

For the next three games, I scored about six goals per game. In the fourth game of the world championship hockey tournament, I got checked hard up against the side board. I knocked out the glass (plastic). It knocked me out. In that game, I had two goals in one third of a quarter.

It was on a Tuesday night in mid-March in Boston at the Gardens that I broke Wayne Gretsky's record. Even with the crowd from Boston, they gave me a standing ovation as soon as they saw me. I felt good about that game for some reason. I had 1,041 goals at the start of the game. By the middle of the second period, I had one goal to score to tie the record. I scored that goal in the third period with 10:56 left. At that time, the crowd gave me a standing ovation. Some people climbed over the glass and went onto the ice. It took half an hour for them to settle down. I scored one more goal and retired for the rest of my life. My record still stands fifteen years later.

Mark Scheibe

Little Sisters

Little sisters are brats
They can fight like cats.
Little sisters are sweet
When they are nice it is really neat,
They can be bad or good
I don't understand them, I wish I could,
I probably never will
If I try, I'm in for a kill.

Amber Lee

My Special Place

A special place I have in mind
A special place that treats me kind.
I like to spend lots of time in there,
In there, I don't have to hurry vromm, vroom, vroom
For this place is my room.

Amber Lee

Feelings

Sometimes we feel mad
Other times we feel sad,
We feel like we can never be glad.
But it usually works out
Slowly but without a doubt.
So raise your chin up high,
High so you can see the sky.

Amber Lee

DAYS

Mondays we wake up tired and slow
Tuesdays aren't much better
Wednesdays start to feel good,
Thursday the week is almost over
Fridays stay out late
Saturdays have a blast
Sundays are slow again,
Monday will be here soon .

Teddi Blair
Katie Goodall

LIFESAVERS

Smooth, hard, crunchy
Regular, tropical, or mint
Bite or suck.
Never say yuck.

Teddi Blair

GUM

Sticky, chewy, yummy
Cherry, grape, sour, sweet
Always good for a treat

Teddi Blair

CERTS

Peppermint , wint 'o green
Makes your breath smell nice 'n clean
Sometimes you want them for breath that smells bad ,
or to have as a treat to make you glad.
They are yum, yum, yummy
So good to put in your tummy .

Teddi Blair

TEDDY BEARS

Soft 'n fuzzy
secure 'n cuddly
when you 're in bed
you don't have to dread,
Because your teddy
is next to your head .

Teddi Blair
Katie Goodall

When You Leave

When you leave who will I call?
who will I confide in
who will I fight with?
who will I forgive?
Who will I turn to when things get bad?
When you leave what will I do?

I will have to call upon my other friends that I have over-looked.
I will confide in my family.
I will have to fight with my brother.
I will forgive anyone who hurts me.
I will turn to myself, for knowing you has made me strong.
I have learned
My best friend is
Me.

Tara Schmidt

Sleep

I lean back into the chair,
I rock.
I pull the stool up for my legs to lie upon,
Rock, rock.
I watch the birds and the squirrels,
Rock, rock, rock, rock.
I slowly close my eyes,
Rock, rock, rock.
I drift into sound sleep;
Please don't distrub me!

Robin Wiener

TIED AT SIX

Heidi Pohlmann

One day when I was walking in the park, I saw about nine or ten kids kicking a ball a little smaller than a basketball around the field. By the way I'm from Switzerland, and we don't play many sports over there. My name is Lamar Venay. My family moved here a little over a month ago. I have a sister, Marie. She is 16, and she is not around a lot since she got her car. My dad's name is Lou, he's a lawyer. He's always working. My mom's name is Lois, and she is a banker. At home it's usually me, the housekeeper, the cook, and sometimes my mom.

At school the next day I asked my friend John what they were playing yesterday. They said, "Soccer," and asked if I wanted to play with them after school, and he would teach me how to play. So I said, "Okay."

Out on the soccer field I had no idea what I was doing, but I did what John was doing. He told me that he and some other people played on a traveling team on the weekends at the school. He said that he has a practice tomorrow and asked me if I wanted to come and watch. I told him sure since all I do at home is play video games. He said that his mom would pick me up at my house at 4:30.

That night all I could think about was soccer. The next morning I could hardly wait for the afternoon to come. School flew by today. When 4:30 came, his mom was waiting in our driveway. When we got there, I asked him if I could play, too. He said, "Sure". When I got on the field, I was a little nervous. I did not think I played bad. Neither did the coach. He asked if I wanted to play in the last two games of the season. He said they were going to be hard because they were in the tournament games. They had won all their other games so far.

The first game was tomorrow at 11:00 and the second, if they won the first, at 2:00.

They won the first game 11 to 8. John scored two goals, and I made one goal while playing one quarter. The second game was the championship game. We were playing the Knights. I was so nervous and scared. The coach told me that I was going to play the last quarter. John got to play three quarters. My mom, dad, and my older sister came to watch me. The fourth quarter came, and my stomach

was in my mouth or as we say in Switzerland, "Butterflies in your tummy." The game was tied 6 to 6. The score stayed the same the rest of the game so they had to have a shootout. I had to kick last. I though the worst players kicked first not last. Two out of four made it in both teams so it was up to me. I did everything the coach told me to do, and it went in. I was proud of myself. My parents took me out for supper after the game.

Heidi Pohlmann

Sports

Running up and down the field or court,
That defines a real sport.
Sweaty people all hot;
I really like it a lot.

Kicking, throwing, and people who like to hit;
I really hate the people who spit.
Running, sliding, tackling, sacking,
In some sports, people like hacking.

Basketball, baseball, and soccer--
Sports of all sorts,
Softball, volleyball, and hockey,
What a life! Sports!

Jami Bredow

Living on the Streets

I'm a bum, old chum;
I sit around all day chewing gum,
yum-yum.
I'm covered with cookie crumbs.
Some people call me deaf and dumb.
There is a lot I have to overcome.
I'm beating on my drum.
Ho-hum.
Later on I'll have to see the overcome.

Gabe Coin

If You Fly, Prepare to DIE

There once was a guy,
Who learned to fly,
Up with the birds,
High in the sky.

While he was flying,
He hit a tree,
And down he came, swarmed with bees.

He ran so fast,
He ran so far,
Then WHAM... he hit a car.

Everyone cried,
Because he died,
All because he learned to fly.

Erin Doyle

A Basketball Game

Each man runs onto the court
All wearing different colored shirts and shorts
A burst of applause for each new guy
They slap each others hands, way up high
The whistle blows.

Points are scored,
Applause is poured...
Out from the crowd.
Every player is proud,
They all sense victory.

The end comes near
And the losing team begins to fear...
That they won't win the game,
The crowd is anything far from tame,
The whistle blows, the game is at its end

The winning team is glad,
The losing team is sad,
But they shouldn't be, for all have played well,
And one should not dwell...
On whether you win or lose.

Teddi Blair

Leprechaun/Bix

There once was a leprechaun who ran the Bix/
He ran the Bix with so many tricks,
With so many tricks, he won the Bix.

Sarah Shaw

INSANE

I'M NOT INSANE,
JUST BECAUSE I'M IN CHILDHOOD REGRESSION.
I'M NOT INSANE,
JUST BECAUSE MY FAVORITE MOVIE'S RATED G.
I'M NOT INSANE,
JUST BECAUSE I LIKE TO EXPRESS MY FEELINGS.
I'M NOT INSANE,
JUST BECAUSE I DON'T CARE WHAT PEOPLE THINK.
I'M NOT INSANE,
JUST BECAUSE I LIKE STUFFED ANIMALS.
I'M NOT INSANE,
JUST BECAUSE I LIKE TO READ.
I'M NOT INSANE,
JUST BECAUSE I LIKE TO BE LEFT ALONE.
I'M NOT INSANE,
JUST BECAUSE I'M A LITTLE DIFFERENT.
I'M NOT INSANE!

KRISTI JONES

I Would Not Lie

Falling fairies from the sky
I broke a nail.
Oh, I could cry.

I love you babe,
I would not lie.

When I see your body,
I just die.

When you walk away,
I start to cry.

I love you, babe,
I would not lie.

Jessica Schroeder

Secret Admirer

Mindy Serrano

"Why did we have to move? I was very comfortable where I was. Sure Iowa is kind of boring. Who cares? We could have moved to California, but no! We had to move to Miami, Florida where I don't know anyone and no one will probably like me," said Julie.

"Julie. Why do you have to be so dramatic? They'll like you. Don't worry about it," said her mother.

"I'm 14. I'm supposed to worry about that kind of thing. What if I don't make any friends? I would be an outcast. You wouldn't want that to happen would you?" asked Julie.

"Of course not. Now get ready for bed. You have to be to school early so you can get your schedule. Don't argue about it. Just do as I say," said her mom.

The next day she was at her locker putting stuff inside when a boy came up to the locker next to hers. "Hi," he said. "My name is Nicholas. But everybody calls me Nick. What's your name?" he asked.

"My name is Julie. Do you have the same homeroom as I do?" asked Julie.

"Yea, I think so. Do you have Mr. Smith?" asked Nick.

"Yes. Can you show me where his homeroom is? I don't know where I'm going. This place is so big," said Julie.

"Sure. This way," said Nick. When they got there a whole bunch of kids were sitting down and talking. "Hey guys. This is Julie. She's new here. She'll be in our homeroom. Julie, come here, this is my best friend, Danny."

"Hi Danny, nice to meet you. How long have you and Nick been friends?" asked Julie.

"We've been friends since kindergarten. Nothing has separated us. We'll probably be friends for a real long time. I have to go now. I'll see you later," said Danny.

Julie became very popular because of Nick. After the first week, she got a note in her locker. It said, "I think you are the light of my life. I like you very much." Signed, "Your Secret Admirer."

Julie thought it was Nick, so the next day she confronted him.

"I know you wrote that note. That was so sweet. I have a question though. How come you just didn't come out and tell me?" asked Julie.

But Nick said, "Yea. I like you, but what note are you talking about? You are right, I would just come out and say it. I didn't write you no note."

"I wonder who sent it then. If it wasn't you then who was it?" asked Julie.

They entered their homeroom then. Danny came up to them. "Hi, Julie. Hi, Nick. How's it going? Listen. Do you guys want to go to a movie with me and Marguerite tomorrow? It'll be a lot of fun."

"Sure, I was going to go with my parents. It will be more fun to go with you guys. I'll tell my mom about the change tonight. If any body needs a ride, my mom will take you. If not, let's meet at 1:00," said Julie.

"I'll need a ride Julie. My parents have to work tomorrow. I'll take you to lunch before the movie though. Is that all right?" asked Nick.

"Sure, Nick. That'll be fun. We'll go to that place across from the theater. Then we can walk over when we're done," said Julie.

"Sounds great. Pick me up at 11:30. You know where I live, you've been there before," said Nick.

The bell rang just then, so they sat down in their seats. Fortunately Julie's seat was next to Nick's. They always passed notes to each other. Danny sat in the front, so they couldn't pass notes to him without getting caught.

The next day Julie picked up Nick, and they had lunch as they had planned. When they got to the theater, Danny and Marguerite were there. They were talking about something, then they stopped.

"Come on. We're here. We can go in now. Aren't you coming?" asked Nick.

When they were sitting down they sat boy, girl, boy, girl. Danny sat next to the aisle. Then it went Julie, Nick, then Marguerite.

In the middle of the movie Julie had to go to the bathroom and Nick wanted more popcorn so they left. Even though it was dark, you could see that they were holding hands. Danny was very mad. After the movie, they were in the parking lot waiting for Julie's mom. Nick and Julie were off to the side talking.

"Marguerite, go tell Nick you need to talk to him alone. Don't

ask questions. Just go over and tell him how you feel. Make sure Julie comes over and talks to me, though," said Danny.

Marguerite did as she was told, and Julie came over and started asking questions.

"Why does she want to talk to him?"

" I don't know," he lied. " I want to talk to you. Will you go out with me?" I'm your secret admirer."

"Danny! You're my secret admirer? I can't go out with you, I'm going out with Nick. I'm sorry," said Julie.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I should have guessed when I saw you and Nick holding hands. That should have been a clue. I'm really sorry, can we still be friends? Please say you will," said Danny.

"Yeah, we can still be friends. You were the last person I expected to be my secret admirer. I thought it was Nick. I confronted him, and he denied the note. He told me he liked me yesterday. Then during lunch, he asked me to go out with him. I am so happy. I've liked him ever since I saw him. Maybe I should save Nick from Marguerite," she said. "Nick, come here."

"Thank you for saving me. Marguerite was trying to get me to go out with her. I kept trying to tell her I was going out with you, but she wouldn't listen. That was so frustrating," said Nick.

They started laughing and Marguerite was looking at them confused. After that nobody bothered Nick and Julie. Danny ended up going out with Marguerite, and everybody was happy.

* * *

Bright sprays of light,
They spill from the sky,
They reach for the colors,
The colors of life.

The enchanted waters of the majestic earth
Reject the powerful light.

The beautiful flowers grow healthier
With every beam
That touches their silk-like petals
The colors of the earth shown bright.

Even though many people do not notice them
And
The wealth they bring,
They still shine bright.

Robin Wiener

Footsteps

It's pitch dark
I can't see a thing
I hear footsteps downstairs
But no one's home
I continue to hear footsteps
Now they're starting up the stairs
I hide under the covers
My heart is beating so hard
The footsteps reach the top
By now my heart is beating
So hard and so fast that I could die
The footsteps stop at the edge of my bed
I feel a presence in the room
At last the sun is coming up
Now I feel safe once again
Was it real or was it just a dream

Jessica Schroeder

WHY

Why did this happen?
How can this happen?
In the country that said it
couldn't
wouldn't and
shouldn't
happen, it did.
Americans are equal.
But I guess we're not.
Because of our skin or the way we talk,
we can be treated this way?
It's not fair!
I am not in charge of my country's actions.
But they don't care.
Even if we have to sit in the cold
or go without food
they won't care.
They don't care.
Nobody cares.

Why do we get shoved in a horse stall
while they're living in luxury.
Why do we have to stand in the back of the line for a
bus.
While they get to drive their own cars.

It's just not fair.
In the place where,
"All men are created equal,"

I want to hide to be safe?
Why do they get power over us?
Why are they so special?

If there was not a war going on in my home country
I would go back there in a second.
But I can't.
I can't give up my rights for them.

I want to go home.
To a home that's safe.
Not Japan.

Not America.
No where's safe.
Why can't I be safe?
WHY?

Lindsey Peckenschneider

MUSIC

Music is fast
Music is slow
Music is high
Music is low
Music is played
Music is sung
Music is fun
Now this poem is done

Katie Goodall
and
Teddi Blair

Tonight

Tonight we decide to grieve
Today we start to cry
Tonight we try to leave
For sorrows we get high and let our brain fry
Today we show our sorrow
For everyone to see
From no one else we'll need this to borrow
When this happens we decide to flee
Tonight it comes around all on one hit
It all hits us like a brick
We cry and plead and throw a fit
The gun we grieve and want to click
One night we decide to try
That's when it all goes away
Which makes us want to fly
Then it happens over and decide to do it again
That's what happens tonight

J. C. Beerbower

THE TWO SIDES

Jill Blanche

A CHILD'S SIDE

I've always wondered if grown-ups really know what they're talking about. Like, when they say really big words, do they know what they mean? If you ask them what it means, will they make something up or say what it really means?

See, I always know what I mean because I use really little words. Maybe other people don't understand what I say because they don't understand me. But some people who say they understand me don't know what I'm talking about most of the time, either.

I think grown-ups really need to try and understand people like me because one day I'm gonna be all grown-up. But when I'm a grown-up, I'm gonna try and understand little people like me.

AN ADULT'S SIDE

I've always wondered if children think before they let something come out of their mouths and why do they ask so many questions. I think that they have no clue to what goes on around them. For instance, someone could ask a child what they want for dinner, and they'll say yes! Or it could be they just don't listen to anything someone says and that person ends up repeating it over and over.

Children claim they know what they're talking about, but if someone were to ask them to repeat themselves, all they'll say is, "I forget".

They also claim adults never listen to them. That's because we are too busy. When we do have time to listen, they don't want to talk.

They also say we don't understand children. Well, we should because we were children once, too!

Taxes

Emily Gayman

I just don't understand why my mommy and daddy get so upset about taxes. I like taxes, they can take you any place you want to go in the city. They can take you to the toy store and... What? That's not what they are? Oh, that's a tax, I knew that.

I know what it is now. I'm going there to taxes to visit my grandma. It is really hot there and you don't have to wear a coat. I don't like to wear my cost, it's ...What ? That's not what taxes is either? Oh, how dumb of me. That's Texas you say? Well, they kinda sound a like.

So what are taxes? They're something bad? Why? You have to give people your money? That's not bad. My mommy says it's good to give things. I can't give any money though, cause I don't have none. What? I don't have to pay them until I'm older? Good. I don't know if they are good or bad, but they sure are confusing. Aren't they?

Never Ending Sorrow

Lindsay Mizer

One hot day I went over to go swimming at my friend's house. As I reached up to ring the door bell, I could hear a loud sob. I heard my friend's voice. She said, "No, No, don't hurt me!" I was scared, and I didn't know what to do, so I ran home. The next day my friend wasn't at school. I was really worried. I had a bad feeling that something was very wrong. The teacher told the class she was sick and wouldn't be at school today. But as I sat there in class, I had a terrible feeling that something was really wrong. I knew that I had to tell my mom what I had heard at my friend's house yesterday. I told my mom as soon as I got home from school.

My mom looked at me sadly and told me she had something to tell me. She said that another neighbor had also heard yelling coming from my friends house that she was worried, too. I went outside to get some fresh air and think. When I got outside, I saw the police coming out of my friend's house. They were taking her Dad and putting him into the police car. My Mom came outside to see what was going on. We looked at each other, and we both had the same frightened look on our faces.

Then the worst thing in my life happened. I saw an ambulance pull up in front of my friend's house and the paramedics went rushing in. It seemed like they would never come out. My heart stopped, and I felt like I couldn't breathe when I saw the paramedics come out the door with a stretcher covered with a white sheet over the body of my friend. My friend's mother was crying and yelling, "Why, oh why!" Then I knew that my days with my friend were over. As I turned to my Mom, I had only one thought on my mind. I was never going to see my friend again, at least not here on earth in this lifetime.

"The Killers Called Drugs"

Emily Anderson

Drugs. The only good definition for them is "killers." They're harmful pleasures that can make a person happy for a short amount of time, then they will eventually ruin their lives or even *kill* them, which is what is what usually happens to drug dependent people. So, I have a few questions. Why do people use them? To be popular? Feel cool? To feel accepted?

There are two kinds of drugs in my opinion, good and bad. The first kind, known as medicines, the good ones, are the ones that a doctor gives you when you are sick that are intended to cure you. As you may already know, these medicines are still drugs, and if you don't use them correctly, you can make yourself even more sick, or kill yourself. If you use them correctly, they can only do good.

The second kind of drug is the bad one, the one that is harmful to your health in every way. There is no proper way to use these drugs, but to not use them at all. These kinds of drugs kill millions of people every year. A few of the drugs include: cocaine, marijuana, nicotine, and alcohol. These are the most common ones that people get addicted to. The majority of people to become addicted are teens. Most of these bad drugs are illegal, but teens still feel they need to use them. I think it is partly because it makes them feel cool and accepted by their friends. Sometimes they even are aware of the effects of drugs, but they say, "Oh, it won't happen to me," but these are the ones who end up dead somewhere from harmful drug use. If it doesn't kill them right away, it'll ruin their lives, and they'll find themselves doing anything for drugs, even if it means going broke.

By the way, where are people getting these drugs if they are illegal? From friends? And if their friends are selling them illegal drugs, they couldn't really be friends, could they? As you may know, it is illegal for teens to smoke, but still a lot of them do anyway. They should know they are putting their life in danger by smoking, so why do they do it? Cigarettes contain nicotine, a common drug, that causes life-long damage. Smoking not only harms the user, but can affect any child that person might have.

I know if I knew all this stuff when I was offered drugs, I'd say no in a split-second. So, why can't others think the same way?

I hope you've learned a lot more about drugs and you'll think when you're offered a cigarette or something.

TEAR

From
Somewhere
inside of me it
came in place of
words the only way
I've found to say
good bye to you
the single silent
silver tear

Jessica Schroeder

YOU

You always had a smile on your face
and were special to all who knew you.

You were close to many
and touched everyone in a special way.

You were always there to listen
or to liven up the party.

You were so kind and caring;
always putting on a smile on our faces.

You and your son were taken out of our
lives one night by a driver who didn't
bother to stop at a stop sign.

Your death and the death of your son
was devastating to all.

You will always be remembered for
the good in you.

Only the good die young...

In loving memory of Lorna and Travis
June 6, 1995

Danielle Blend

Stay

Those who have passed,
Still have yet to come.
We will miss you.
Although you are far away, I
feel your presence near me.
When I want to see you,
All I have to do is look up
Into the stars.
You know where the angels
are.

I wish you had stayed.
Why did you leave me,
your friends and family,
even people you loved,
and loved you?
I'm mad at you for leaving
me, but yet still so happy.
Funny, isn't it?

We miss you.
Please, I love you ....
and always will.
Nothing, I mean nothing,
will break us apart, not
people or our mistakes, and,
no, not even death.
So, I guess this was your
good-bye to me. Forever

Dedicated to Clint Conrad
Died in a car crash...
November, 1995

Stacey Bredow

Stay

I love you with all my heart,
I hope we will never part.
You say,
we don't know each other.
Please say you'll stay,
because I can't bear another
day;
Without you by my side,
I can't take another stride.
I love you with all my soul,
can't you see...
I won't let you go!
With you I look at each day
for another way to say...
stay!

Veronica Heintz

CAL
STRONG
AS IRON
WORKING EVERYDAY,
NEVER GIVING UP,
IN ANY CONDITION HE'LL PLAY.
IT SEEMED LIKE A DREAM,
HIS FIRST GAME,
13 YEARS AGO,
BUT
HE HAD THE WILL TO PLAY 2130 MORE.
THE RECORD FELL BUT HE DID NOT.
HE LOVED THE GAME AND
GAVE IT ALL HE GOT.
AMERICA'S PASTIME WAS BROUGHT
BACK AGAIN,
AND TO IT WE THANK #18,
MR. CAL RIPKEN.

SARAH CARLIN

One morning I woke up
and saw a beautiful face.

I thought she was
very pretty.

I wished I looked
like her.

Then after a lot of
admiring

I figured out I was
looking in the mirror.

Michelle Gruntorad

THE HAUNTED SOCCER BALL

Lindsay Griffin

Creak, creak! Oh, I'm so sorry for that terrible noise. Don't be afraid, it's only my rocking chair in the attic. I am going to tell you a story that was told to me when I was a child.....

It was about 1980 when my grandmother told this story to me. Ahhh, on with the story. There was this awesome outdoor soccer team called the Quad-City Strikers. They won every single one of their games by a lot of points. Everybody was afraid to play them. Their jersey colors were red & white and the whole town knew their chant: Red & white are made to fight! Gooo Strikers!

Their best player, who's name is Jamie Nodarsie, was a medium sized girl.(My grandma said this was the first all girl league.) Jamie had long, light brown hair. Her dad was the coach of the Strikers. She will come into play later on in the story. I thought you should know who she is for the sake of understanding.

Then came their first game of the indoor season. (In 1980 indoor games were held in a gym.) The Strikers **lost** their first game to the East Moline Predators. (The Predators were always a challenge for Strikers. Their jersey colors were orange & black, But nobody realy knew a cheer.) The Strikers were realy astonished to lose. They didn't worry too much, though, they just though they had a bad day.

Juan Nordarsie (the coach) made them practice more then ever. Their second game came, and they lost to the easiest team in the league. They were the B.S.A. sting. (I don't need to describe them for you since this is the only time in the story they come into play.) One thing about this game was different, though. Jamie Nodarsie knew something fishy was going on because at the game, a Predator player insisted on using their ball by saying, "Use this ball, it's good luck!" Then during the game whenever Jamie would kick the ball really hard, it would only go a few feet. Jamie thought this was really strange because Jamie knew she had the "best foot" on the team (meaning she knew she could kick the ball the farthest).

That night Jamie went to the library and looked up "strange happenings." She found out about a ghost who haunts soccer balls. "That has got to be the answer," she thought to herself. When Jamie

told her team about it, they all agreed.

The next afternoon Jamie and two other players from the Strikers went to the Predator's locker room. They got the "supposedly" haunted soccer ball, and they took it to the deck next to the Mississippi River where no one would see them. Then they cut it open, and sure enough, they found a small brown, wooden box inside. On the top of the lid there was the engraved picture of a soccer ball. The ball was black and white. Underneath the ball were the words: "Any team who possesses this ball will cause the opposing team to lose." The three Strikers were so amazed that they all sat down and laughed and laughed and laughed. Finally when all of the laughs were out of their system, they took the box and threw it into the cold, raging Mississippi River. After they jumped for joy, they got back down to business. First, they took the ball to their own locker room and sewed it back up so that the Predators wouldn't realize the ghost was gone. Second, they took the unhaunted soccer ball back to the Predator's locker room. Third, they told Mr. Nodarsie the whole story.

At their next game the Strikers **won**! They beat the Predators. (If I remember right, it was just a coincidence that the Predators were the next team the Strikers played.) At the end of the game, before she realized it, a player on the Predators' team shouted, "You can't win, we had the ball rigged!" So the Predators were kicked out of the league. The Strikers earned first place that season, but the next season they played up an age group so that it was more of a challenge.

On the way back from their first place celebration party, Jamie thought she saw a white and black form where the Doppler Radar sphere is now built at the Davenport Airport. After that, she thought she heard a voice whisper, "I'm back."

Come to think of it, have you noticed that the Strikers', Bettendorf's and Davenport's soccer fields have all been built very close to the Doppler Tower? Hmmm, I wonder...?

Creak, Creak.

I Sit Here

I sit here all alone
I wish I could go home.
This train is headed...I don't know.
I miss my family.
Where they are, I don't know.
They call us names I don't like.
They push us and shove us.
Now I know they do not love us.
I wish I could go home.

HEATH DIERKS

Eagles

Eagles are as free as the breeze
....are they
Sometimes I wish I were an Eagle
Fly higher than the trees
Live in quiet
Eagles are powerful, gentle, spiritual.
They live fantastic lives
in cliffs , mountains , trees , canyons.

Teresa Trout

Fear

Fear is like black
Fear smells like blood
and tastes like rotten fruit
Fear sounds like a screeching scream
Fear feels like being chased by a bully

Teresa Trout

BULL$

Michael

Smart, Agile

Flying, Dunking, Jumping

Air, Jordan, **Worm, Rodman**

Fouling, Punching, Rebounding

Mean, Crazy

Dennis

Kyle Kroeger

LANCER HEAT / ROOKIES

THE LANCERS ARE HERE
SO YOU BETTER BEWARE
WE'RE HERE TO PLAY THE GAME
AND TO CHALLENGE YOUR DARE
SO LET'S TAKE THE FIELD
AND LET'S PLAY THE GAME
AND WHEN IT'S ALL OVER
YOU'RE GONNA REMEMBER OUR
NAME.....LANCERS! LANCERS!
WE'RE # 1
BUT MOST OF ALL
WE'RE HERE TO HAVE SOME FUN!!!

SHANNON PICOLET

STATE: ASA

THE DAY WAS HOT AND STICKY.
OUR GAME WAS LONG AND ICKY.
THERE WAS NO SCORE, NO HITS.
BUT THEIR BEST HITTER JUST SMASHED THE BALL TO BITS!
IT CAME RIGHT TO ME AS FAST AS IT COULD.
NO TROUBLE HERE, THAT INNING WAS WRAPPED UP FOR GOOD.
OUR TIME TO BAT,
SHANNIN WAS U...P WEARING HER NUMBERED HAT.
SHE POPPED IT UP TO THE THIRD BASEMAN.
SHE BOBBLED IT AND DROPPED IT OUT OF HER HAND.
THAT INNING WE SCORED 5 MORE.
THE GAME WAS A HORROR!
WE WERE UP TO BAT, 2 OUT ALREADY.
THE GAME WAS GOING ON STEADILY.
THE SCORE WAS 15-14. WE WERE AHEAD,
BUT I ALREADY FELT LIKE GOING TO BED!
MY TURN TO BAT;
I WANTED TO RUN AWAY LIKE A CAT.
AS I STUMBLED UP TO THE PLATE,
THE PITCHER YELLED, "YOU'RE DEAD MATE!"
SHE WOUND UP AND PITCHED TO THE PLATE.
NO FAST BALL, HOW I HATE!!!
I SWUNG THE WOOD,
AND I RAN AS HARD AS I COULD.
AS I ROUNDED THE BASE, THE BALL FLEW BY.
IT WAS GOING TO BE 30 FEET HIGH!!!
1,2,3, SCORED AS I ROUNDED 3 RD BASE.
I SCORED IN GREAT HASTE.
WE HAD WON
THE GAME: 20-21!!!

KARI WELTER

Gigi's Dance Studio

Vanessa Meyer

As you walk into Gigi's dance room, you can immediately smell its distinctive smell. First, you smell sweat and sweaty dance clothes. You can also smell dirt collecting on the cold hard floor.

The gray, smooth floor "sweats" when it's hot outside. The walls are high and pink, like a little girl's bedroom. However, not much of the walls are visible because mirrors cover two walls. On the other two walls there are ballet bars, posters of dancers, and inspirational sayings. There are black mat-like things all over the walls and ceiling, to make the room sound-proof.

If you get close enough to the place where everyone's bags are kept, you can smell the scent of brand new, out of the box dance shoes.

There is almost always music playing from the black stereo system in the corner.

Next to the stereo is a door that is opened when it's hot in the studio. On cold winter days there is a certain spot on the dance floor where the heater blows warm air.

I've been going to Gigi's so long that it's almost like my home away from home.

What is Love?

What is love?
Is love like a flower that blooms and then withers,
Or is love like a person that is born and then dies?
Can anybody tell me what love is?
Do you feel it in your heart,
Is it played like a game,
Or does it just happen?
I must know what Love is!
I must know!

Brook Bowman

What can I say?

When can I say,
I have done everything
I could have done?
When can I say,
There is nothing
I can do better?

Now I can say,
I need to do
everything I can do.
Now I can say,
Everything that
I can do,
I can do better.

Rachel Grunwald

Something I love

Music is so comforting
It heals all my fears.
It sends me to sleep at night
Without even a tear.
I hate to go to sleep at night
Without the music blaring,
Whoever turns ot off is really
daring.

Now what does this song
mean?
Never sit on a bean?
The tune never stops
humming in head.
Even when I'm asleep in bed
It doesn't take me long
To know what a song
means to me
And to sing it to the trees.

All around the birds are
singing.
It brings me a joy that's so
infinite
Even if the music only lasts
for a minute.
Music is something I love.

Rachel Grunwald

Bratty Brother

My older brother picks on me all the time.
I think it should be a crime.
He puts bugs in front of my face for me to see,
and he tackles me to the ground and tickles me.

He takes my money,
and that's not funny!
He calls me names,
and plays those stupid games.

Sometimes he can be fairly kind,
but don't let it slip your mind...
That he's my bratty brother!

Stacie Wisecup

Do or Die

Joe DeLuca

Fourth down and two yards to go on the Bulldog's second yard line, 7-3 is the score. If the Lancer's pull it off, it will be the biggest upset in MAC history, and the Lancers will go to state. Kitzman, Loftsgard, and DeLuca are in the backfield. There is 0:05 left on the clock. Kitzman yells the count, fakes to Loftsgard and hands off to DeLuca. He lumps. Dead silence fills the stadium while Lancers and Bulldogs pile off DeLuca. The referee signals for a" TOUCHDOWN." The crowd goes nuts. They charge the field, and they tear down the goal post! The buzzer rings!!!, or was it my alarm clock? What a game, what an upset!

Family Time

Roll the dice...we all play
Family time is here to stay
Let's join..we'll all have fun
Come on...let's join...everyone
No one will be left out
Now everyone...let's be a scout
We'll all go play a game
No one has to worry about their fame
We'll all have time...it's the weekend
Later we'll finish the jobs we need to tend
To be first...don't push or be a jerk
Friday or Sunday we'll have to do our homework
Now be good...for it's family day.

J. C. Beerbower

Accepting Reality

Once on a midnight blue
I thought I had no clue,
No clue to who I was
I figured no one does,
But how many did I tell
For me I did not sell,
I don't know love
Nor am I as clear as Christ's dove,
for in my eye I had a gleam
Just as I have a dream,
I don't have the power
Nor am I as beautiful as a flower,
To forgive me please
I am down on my knees,
I may always be on the phone
But I am not alone,
My rules I will not bend
but only for a friend,
Just accept reality as it is.

J. C. Beerbower

Always and Forever

Love is like a newly lit candle
Just as bright as that shiny gold handle
The sweet sound of that soft band
The soft touch of your gentle hand
Love is just as sweet as you
Although we feel we have no clue
You help me through the good and the bad
Your smile makes me feel so glad
We always make it through the worst
The good makes us feel as if to burst
Later in wedlock we may gather
To be near you always I would rather
I'm just saying...how much brighter
You make my day.

J. C. Beerbower

Life As Seen By All

Sometimes it seems as if no one cares
We'd rather be eaten by some bears
It's not always all that bad
You don't always have to be so mad
Then we feel like suicide
Especially after someone close has died
Why are we so troubled as a teen
Our parents still tell us to keep our room clean
Life is the tough thing to get through
As we all should see

J. C. Beerbower

GO FOR THE GOLD!

Tracy Kuhl

" I can't believe I'm here! How am I to compete with 20-year-olds? I'm only twelve!" The sentences came tumbling out one after another. Laren was so scared, nervous, excited, and basically everything else that she was unable to stand still.

"Honey, calm down. You made it to the Olympics because you are a great swimmer. Just calm down, and we can go get settled in the hotel." I was trying to herd my two daughters, Laren and Lois, towards the hotel while watching my son, Mike , and my husband carry in our bags. "Laren, Lois, in the hotel! Now!" The two girls finally hurried to obey, although they were distracted a couple times by some very famous people walking by.

"Room 211." The desk clerk handed us our key and gestured for a bellboy to take our bags up.

"Hurry up. No dawdling. Laren, we only have 30 minutes until you must be at the pool for practice."

"Why do I have to practice? I mean, obviously I'm good. Why else would I be here?"

As she twirled around on "here", I said, " You will be swimming against 20-year-olds who have had much more practice then you. They have also performed many more times then you. Let's go to the pool."

"Allright."

As our limo let us off at the Olympic pool, a guard came to us.

"I'm sorry, but no spectators are allowed in here until the competitions begin."

"However, this is Laren Talbot and I am her mother. Here are our I.D.'s"

Closing scrutinizing the I.D.'s, he said, "All right. Go on in. How on earth did a twelve-year-old get into the Olympics?" Muttered to himself, it sent my mind whirling back to a time about eleven and one-half years ago.

* * *

It was our annual family vacation. Laren's first. She was just seven months old. I remember it like it was yesterday.

We had flown from our home in Colorado to Dayton Beach, Florida. I took Laren swimming in the hotel pool. She loved it! I was glad, for I had always loved to swim. The next day my husband and I decided we would go swimming in the Gulf of Mexico. We figured Laren and Mike would go with us. Mike could play in the sand if he didn't want to swim and either Chris or I would keep Laren with us at all times.

Laren's first swim in the Gulf was anything but relaxing. From the way she acted at first, I thought yesterday had been a dream. However, soon her attitude changed and we couldn't keep her out of the water. If we set her down, off she would go, crawling as fast as she could. Luckily Mike wanted to run so he chased her and brought her back. Sometimes Chris or I went after her, but, luckily, she never made it to the water without being carried by somebody.

This fascination was only the beginning. Once she was old enough, all of her free time was spent at a pool. In the winter it was the athletic club down the street. In the

summer, the public pool with all her friends. I would have gone broke paying for all this, but Laren loved swimming so much, she paid most of it herself. And when she decided to get private lessons, Laren agreed to pay half of the cost. I always knew she'd be great, but I never imagined where it would lead us.

When Laren was about 10 years old, her swimming instructor invited an Olympic scout to come watch Laren swim. I can still remember her exact words...

"Wonderful swimmer! I definitely want to see her at the Olympic tryouts next year. I know she's a bit young, but I think she has a chance." The lady arranged our plane tickets, hotel rooms, and took care of the financial end of our trip. She made sure Laren was entered and in a prime spot in the list of auditions. After Laren made the Olympic team, Mrs. Balk took care of all those arrangements, too. So here we are...

* * *

"Mom, hurry up! Are you coming or not?" Laren stared at me impatiently from the entrance of the pool.

"Yes, I'm coming. You go on. I'll catch up." Might as well get used to these practices, I thought. I'll be at an awful lot of them. I slowly began walking to the pool.

* * *

We were all so excited! My whole family, including me, couldn't believe Laren was actually racing TODAY! We didn't care whether she won or lost. We were all proud of her. The entire world knew her name by now. Laren was recognized as being the youngest competitor ever in this division of the Olympics.

"The race is starting! The race is starting! Look, there's Laren!!!" Lois was definitely into this. Even quiet, shy Mike was looking very excited for his sister.

"And they're off!" the announcer shouted into his microphone.

"Go, Laren, GO!!"

"She's in the lead!.

"Oh, my gosh!"

"Come on, Laren!" All of our encouragement's were falling one on top of the of the other. The home stretch--and Laren's in the lead!

"Oh, no! Come on, Laren! Someone's gaining on you!"

"And it's a photo finish!" the announcer paused, all five of us filled with anxiety. "And I have just received word that Laron Talbot has won..."

We heard no more, as all of us were screaming and running down to hug Laren.

"Way to go, Laren!" her siblings shouted.

"Thanks, guys, but I'm ready to go home."

Laughing and hugging, we started walking to our hotel to pack. Of course, we were waylaid all the way by reporters and spectators. And, of course, the winner's circle.

Loner

Mark Mumm

I walk alone in the night. No one follows me. I have no friends. I'm sad as I walk alone through the streets.

Suddenly I walk by a bench by a bus stop. I stopped and looked at it, and I sighed. I used to have friends. Well, maybe if I sat here by myself, someone might feel sorry for me and talk to me for once in my life.

What's that I see? It's someone coming up the street. It's a man. The man sits on the other side of the bench from away from me. I asked him, "Waiting for a bus?" He didn't answer me. So I asked him again. "Are you waiting for a bus?" Again, he didn't answer me.

So I sat there, quiet, and waited for the bus to come. When it arrived, I said to the man, "Bye." But he still has no answer. So I stood up and walked into the darkness alone. And still alone I was.

I walked slowly through the street. I walked by a bum and thought, "There's the only person out there worse than me."

Suddenly when I wasn't looking, I was hit by a truck. Luckily, the truck was about to stop and didn't hit me that hard.

I flew into a ditch nearby. The truck driver didn't even stop to see if I was all right. At least the ditch was soft with grass. "Man, it's wet," I thought to myself.

I suddenly noticed that I couldn't move. I sat there and thought out my problem, but I got interrupted.

I saw some lights. "It might be a car," I thought. I thought wrong. I heard the door close. Then I saw a man walk toward me.

He stopped about a foot in front of me. He looked me over to see if I was O.K.

I thought, "Yes, someone's going to save me. He must have seen me get hit."

He called a hospital, and they came and got me.

On the way to the hospital I thought, "Man, I'm lucky for a guy who has no friends or family."

Waterskiing

Hold the rope, hold on tight
Here we go... I made it... on
top of the water
Water spraying
everywhere
Back and forth behind the
boat... jump the wakes
I lost my balance, oh no,
here we go... SPLASH...
Ouch!!!

Sarah Shaw

Running

LEFT, RIGHT, LEFT, RIGHT
RUNNERS, ON YOUR MARK
LEFT, RIGHT, LEFT, RIGHT
GET SET...
LEFT, RIGHT, LEFT, RIGHT
BANG...
LEFT... RIGHT... LEFT...
RIGHT...
LEFT - RIGHT - LEFT - RIGHT
- LEFT - RIGHT
THERE S THE LINE GAINING
GROUND
LEFT - RIGHT - RIGHT
SPLAT... THAT HURT!
EVERYBODY RUNNING BY
MY FAULT LOST MY
CONCENTRATION. :(

SARAH SHAW

The Storm

People walk in the street.
The rain falls down at
their feet.
The lightning strikes, the
thunder roars!
The people run to their
doors.
The people dry off with a
towel, and
The wind has just begun to
howl.
The children want to go
out and play,
but their parents said, "Oh,
no, you'll stay."
The rain goes on more and
more.
Later the people opened
their doors.
Where there once were
clouds a rainbow has
appeared.
They knew then, the end
of the storm was here.

Adam Ott

WINTER

THE FEEL OF THE COLD
YOU CAN SEE YOUR BREATH
THE SOUND OF THE BIRDS SINGING OVERHEAD
THE SMELL OF PINE TREES IN THE FOREST
AND ALL AROUND THE SOFT WHITE SNOW...
IT IS WINTER

MAX O KLOCK

The Moon

The moon
The moon at night
The moon so bright
The moon...such a pretty sight
The moon is light
The moon

Sarah Shaw

Nature

Nature is my love true
For in my eyes the sky's always blue
My life is always all so full
Nature's moments are never dull
It is really cool
Nature's course will take no fools
Now don't be in such a bad mood
How does everyone and everything get food
I think now I have a hunch
All tree are numbered in a bunch
So that is life of nature's fun
To everyone, I hope you will come

J. C. Beerbower

How I Feel About Disabilities

Brian Viner

I see disabilities as something that changes, or something that doesn't let someone do something.

Before we started the disabilities unit, I didn't pay much attention to disabilities.

Now I've learned to give people with disabilities more respect. It also told me how people overcome this problem. I also see disabilities as not changing the person itself, but changing what the person looks like. I also feel that now I can be around people with disabilities more, without being embarrassed all the time. I've also learned a lot on how disabilities effect people's life and life styles.

This is how I feel about disabilities after doing our disabilities unit.

Dear Daddy,

When I look back when I was just a little girl,
I remember daddy saying, "Twirl, darlin', twirl."
I'd look at him and gleam,
His heart is just like a stream.
I remember after weddings we'd go to the dance.
That's where he'd teach me the proper stance,
On the slow songs daddy would hold me in his arm.
Just like when I'd run to him on grandpa's farm.
After the song daddy would say, "I love you."
I would look back at hom and say, "I love you, too."
Oh, how I remember when I was a little girl.
I'll never forget daddy saying, "Twirl, darlin', twirl."

Kristi Martin

WILDLIFE

Holly White

The wolf stares down at its prey. Watches it like a hawk while it does lay. He starts to creep through the bushes with a string hanging down from his lip of his own saliva juices.

He zags through the trees, as quiet as can be, but his prey has sharp ears, so he lifts his head to find what he sees.

He saw the hungry gray wolf coming toward him so he ran out of the woods, the wolf followed as fast as he could.

His prey runs every which way, trying to get away from a chilling death, but the wolf still pursues. The owl looking on is very amused.

The two are still running like children playing tag, as the moon starts to light up the world below.

The two finally tire and go their own ways, so the wolf has to find a different victim to creep up on as it lays.

When he finally finds a nice elk lying still, he prances up behind it, ready for his kill.

The elk is unsuspecting as blood fires around, it lies there in the night like dirt in a mound.

The wolf drags the limp elk back to his pack. They all devour the elk because meat they lack. But how they're all happy as they lie there at night, they can't wait till the next day to find a meal that won't put up a fight.

Rain

**I sat looking
up at the sky
waiting**

**One drop falls
and another and
another**

**Soon millions of
drops are falling
from the sky**

**I let the drops
hit my brow and
I think**

**To live only about
three seconds**

**A rain drop that's
what I want but
that will
never
be**

Tate Carter

It's My Game, Is It Yours?

The tip is off,

it's our ball.

We shoot,

we score

and play

some more.

This game is

no trip to

the mall;

it's the game of

basketball.

Kelly Brownson

Dead Delbert

My puppy's name is Delbert
Georgina is his middle name
And when I mention Duck-Duck Goose
He says he doesn't play that game
Later in life when Delbert grows up
He's gonna put all dogs to shame
But right now
Delbert is a happy dog
His best friend is a frog
The frog's name is Freddie
And he is very nice
But when it got real cold outside
Freddie became so very sad
But soon he became so very mad
After the anger left him
He didn't feel a whole lot
No pity, no sorrow
He just thought and just thought and just thought
He finally came to the conclusion
That maybe all this had been an illusion
But no it hadn't
He found that he couldn't live without Fred
So he decided that he'd rather be dead

Cindy Diffenderfer

DEAD GUY

HERE'S HIS HEAD ON HIS BED

HERE'S HIS ARM WITH VERY LITTLE HARM

HERE'S A CROW EATING TOE

HERE'S HIS TWO FEET AND HIS FAKE TEETH

HERE'S HIS HAIR RIPPED OUT ON HIS BLOODY BARE

HERE'S AN EEL EATING HIS HEEL

HERE'S A FLY ON ONE OF HIS EYES

BYE!!

Ben Boeding

THE WAR

32 men at the stake
Waiting for all the right moves to make
The king sends his men to attack
But instead of going forward
They had to move back
A man is killed going for the move
But unwillingly sets them in a groove
The king decided to send the Black Knight
Right now he was the only one who could fight
The Knight moves his way through
But there he stopped, staring, wondering what to do
A couple more moves, I've got to make them right
He took a giant step forward and killed the White Knight
He turned around getting very ill
But right there in front of him, his queen had been killed
He takes one more move and kills the White Queen
He knows he has moved at an incredible rate
But he looked back at his men and said,
"CHECK MATE"

Nate Mohr

The Fox

Karen Hohnecker

One time there was a young fox who wanted to go play outside. Before he left, his mother warned him, "Don't go across the brook on to the human's land." The young fox agreed and trotted outside. He met his friend Rabbit. Before long they started to play catch. Rabbit, accidentally overthrew the ball.

"I'll go get it!" shouted Fox, and without thinking first, jumped over the small brook, and ran into the field looking for the ball. He spotted his favorite, cheese! So he ran after it. All of a sudden the walls closed in around him. He had been caught in a trap.

The moral is: Always listen to advice given to you by older, wiser people.

Painted Meadow

Planted, opening, sprouting seeds
All different sizes, colors, and shapes
Dancing and swaying in the breeze,
Rainbows in a dull meadow
Shining so very brightly in the sun,
An elegant, aromatic, graceful array
Silently displaying their beauty,
Enchanting flowers....

Michaela Krug

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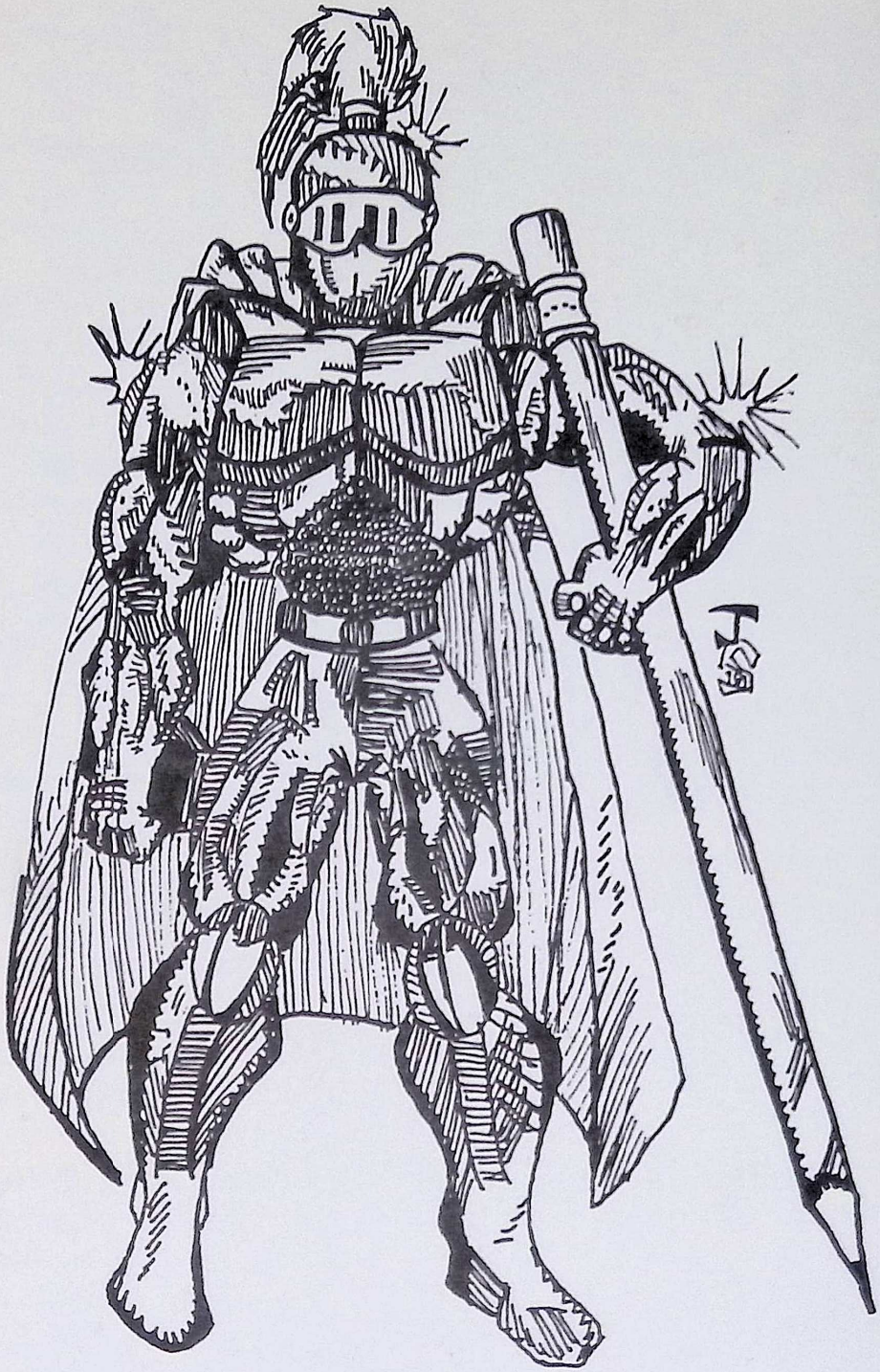
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